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H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

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For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

LINES

BY MRS. SARAH H. HAYES.

Suggested by 21st clasp of John, 3d, 4th, 5th v.

When the soft breath of evening stirred

The waves of Galilee,

A bark was launched whose snowy sail

Cleft softly o'er the sea—

A bark by hardy fishers manned,

Who spread their nets to brave

Through the deep blue of solemn night

The dangers of the wave.

For food they toil—but faint and worn,

Their weary vigil vain—

All day and all at dawn of day

They seek the shore to gain—

When, lo! what glad surprise is theirs—

A voice familiar, sweet,

With tender, kindly interest asks,

"Children, have ye any meat?"

And dimly through the misty light

Is seen the God-like form

Whom his mandate once allayed

The fury of the storm:

"The Lord is near!" and courage now

And rapture fill each breast.

Fall soon with their abundant cheer

Refresh the Heavenly Guest.

Poor way-worn pilgrim, heir of grace,

Hope on through gloom and fear,

Though unwarded toil is thine,

A friend unseen is near:

With his companion's aid

His heavenly breast o'flows,

He lends to thy slightest want,

And feels thy smallest pain.

He who assumed a fallen state

Remembers thou art clay,

And accedes to thine every need

He opens sight and day:

His tender love as truly flows,

His tones are still as sweet,

As when he breathed the touching words

"My children, have ye meat?"

Lewisburg, Feb. 1850

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

UNCLE GREY AND HIS NEPHEW.

"I hope you will take care that James is

at home this afternoon," said Mr. Bell to his

wife, as he was about leaving the house to

walk down to his office; "Uncle Grey

told me some time ago that he was coming

to spend a Saturday with us; and the

weather is so fine, that I think he will

probably come to day."

"I am glad you mentioned it to me,"

replied Mrs. Bell; "I will take care that

James shall be here, and everything in

good order."

Presently the house and yard resounded

with the name "James! James!" uttered

in every variety of tone by the various

members of the family. Even the baby,

who could scarcely lispen her brother's

name, joined in the general clamor. At

length James made his appearance. He

was a lad about fourteen years of age. His

countenance was rather prepossessing, but

there was a general air of recklessness and

carelessness in his whole deportment which

to a close observer would appear a very

unfavorable symptom of the boy's moral

character. His clothes were torn and

covered with dust; his face was heated with

passion, and his tangled hair half concealed

his eyes.

His mother did not seem to notice these

indications of a quarrel, if not of a fight,

but exclaimed,

"Oh, James, I am so glad you have

come at last. Where have you been? Run

up stairs, and put on your Sunday suit.

Your Uncle Grey is coming this morning.

Perhaps he may be here in an hour or two.

And, James," added the mother, in an

anxious tone, "I do hope you will do credit

to your schooling; your Uncle will be sure

to ask about your studies."

"I dare say he will—a tiresome, inquisi-

tive old fellow!" muttered James to him-

self as he went up stairs to obey his mo-

ther's injunctions.

Uncle Grey was that important person-

age—a rich, old, bachelor uncle. James

was his namesake, and in childhood had

been the object of the old gentleman's par-

ticularity, who used often to declare that if

James turned out a good boy and a scholar

he would leave him every dollar of his

property. Knowing Uncle Grey's predilec-

tion in favor of learning, Mr. and Mrs.

Bell resolved that James should be a schol-

ar. They often declared that "they sent

James to the best school in the town, paid

the highest price for his tuition, and bought

for him every book which his teachers re-

quired." After this enumeration, Mrs. Bell

would often conclude with a sigh, "Ah, it

is unknown the sums of money that boy's

education costs us. It will not be our fault

if he is not a scholar."

Mr. Bell was not mistaken in his con-

jectures. Soon after ten o'clock wheels were

heard approaching the house, and Uncle

Grey made his appearance. All was in the

nicest order for his reception. The

children in their best clothes and on their

best behavior crowded around him, while

Mrs. Bell was profuse in her expressions of

surprise and delight at this "unexpected

visit."

The old gentleman looked around him,

evidently much gratified by these tokens of

respect and affection.

"I suppose your good husband is busy

as ever in his office," said he, addressing

Mrs. Bell, "but where is James? Not at

school to-day, I suppose. His father writes

me word that he is a hard student—always

book in hand. But the bow must be unbent

sometimes, eh? I was once young myself

and studied with the best of them. But I

loved Saturday, and a good game of play-

Where is the lad I put with his bat and ball,

or gone a fishing, eh?"

At this moment James entered the room.

A book was in his hand, and while he

warmly returned his Uncle's greeting he

kept a finger in the half closed volume, as

if fearful of losing the place.

"Ah, I see your father was right in say-

ing that you loved your books," exclaimed

Mr. Grey, as he noticed this indication of a

studious turn of mind. "But, my boy, you

must allow the body a little recreation, and

the mind a little rest. Come, take me

around your garden. It is a long, long

time since I have seen the old place, and I

want to look around me a little. You chil-

dren are all growing out of knowledge, and

I suppose the trees and shrubs have sprout-

ed wonderfully since I was last here. Come,

children, get your hats and bonnets. And

you, James, put away your books, for the

present; we will have a little conversation

about them after dinner."

James winced slightly at this observation,

and his brow contracted. However, the

whole party soon adjourned to the garden,

where the old Uncle was the merriest of

the noisy group.

Business required Mr. Bell to return to

his office for an hour or two in the after-

noon. Uncle Grey passed an hour

after dinner enjoying his afternoon's doze

in his easy chair. On awaking he called

for James, who had been uneasily expect-

ing the summons, and proposed they should

go together into the library.

"Your favorite resort, eh, James?" said

the old gentleman, putting his nephew on

the back. "I can not tell you how proud

and happy I feel, my boy, to think that

you will prove a scholar, and that you

really love learning."

So saying, they entered into the library,

and the door closed upon them.

More than two hours passed away before

the door re-opened, and Uncle and nephew

returned to the parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Bell

were seated there awaiting their appear-

ance with some impatience.

"Uncle Grey has been questioning James

pretty closely, I expect," remarked Mrs.

Bell to her husband before they entered.

"I have no doubt he is surprised at the

boy's learning. How much was the last

quarter's bill at school?"

The reply to this question was prevent-

ed by the entrance of James and his Uncle.

The old gentleman's brow was clouded.

James' countenance bore evident traces of

mortification and discomfort, and he spee-

dily made his escape out of the room.

"What has happened, Uncle?" inquired

Mrs. Bell, anxiously. "What is the mat-

ter with James?"

"The matter, Madam?" replied the old

gentleman, somewhat testily, "why the

boy is a fool or a knave, or perhaps both."

"Oh, Uncle, what do you mean? How

can you speak so unkindly?" exclaimed

Mrs. Bell, bursting into a passionate flood

of tears.

Mr. Bell turned an inquiring look to-

wards his Uncle, who replied:

"Look here, nephew Bell, either that

boy has deceived you, or you have deceived

ing—absolutely nothing. Tell me now,

frankly, how came you to fancy that he

loved his books, and was making progress?

Have you examined him lately?"

"Why, no," replied Mr. Bell; "to say

the truth, I never thought of doing such a

thing, and I am perfectly astounded at what

you tell me. I always see him engaged

with his books when I am at home, and his

mother tells me he is always eager to start

for school at the first sound of the bell. So

I thought all was going on right."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Bell, "and his

father has always sent him to the best

schools in the place and never begrudged

any expense, either for his school-books or

his education. It is too bad!" and Mrs.

Bell began rocking herself violently, while

her tears flowed afresh.

"I doubt not your liberality with respect

to James' education," resumed Uncle Grey,

in a milder tone. "From what I elicited

from the boy himself, I perceive that he

has had every advantage which money

could procure. But his own obstinate

idleness has frustrated your efforts and

those of the excellent teacher under whose

care you have placed him. I only ask

you to examine his school books, and you

will at once perceive the system of decep-

tion he has carried on. And you have the

simplest questions on the subjects which

he professes to have been studying, in

order to discover that he knows nothing

about them. He has succeeded completely

in deceiving his teacher, deceiving you, and

—cheating himself. For, of course, the

foolish fellow is himself the greatest loser

by the line of conduct he has pursued."

On hearing this last remark, which Mrs.

Bell imagined referred to the inheritance,

she exclaimed,

"Oh, Uncle, do not judge poor James

too severely. On Monday morning I will

myself go around to the school and see

Mr. Smith. And I'll—"

Here she checked herself, for she knew

Uncle Grey's high opinion of Mr. Smith's

attainments as a scholar, and abilities as a

teacher; and she did not think it safe to

give vent to the thoughts and feelings to-

wards that gentleman which were swelling

in her breast.

The afternoon was wearing away, and

Uncle Grey requested that his buggy

might be brought around; for he lived

several miles out of town, and was anxious

to reach home before the dews of evening

began to fall. He shook hands with all

the group (except James, who was ashamed

to show his face), and took a friendly leave,

promising to repeat his visit in the course

of a few weeks.

"And tell James I shall want an hour's

conversation with him in the library;

when I shall hope to find him a little bright-

er than he proved this afternoon. He

must turn over a new leaf—he must—no

more."

So saying, Uncle Grey drove off.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bell,

as they returned to the house; "I never

was so provoked in all my life. Mr. Smith

has been acting shamefully by us. I'll

tell him a piece of my mind on Monday

morning, that's certain."

"My dear," interposed her husband,

"I wish you would leave it to me."

"Leave it you, Mr. Bell! no, indeed,"